THE

TEMPEST,

OR THE

Enchanted Island.

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at his Highness the Duke of *York's*
THEATRE.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman* at the *Blew Anchor* in the *Lower-walk* of the *New-Exchange*.
MDCLXX.

Shakespeare, W.

PREFACE

TO THE

ENCHANTED ISLAND.

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by ſome very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by ſome Ape of the French Eloquence, which uſes to make a buſineſs of a Letter of gallantry, an examen of a Farce; and in ſhort, a great pomp and oſtentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gayety which would be an impoſition upon us.

We may ſatisfie our ſelves with ſurmounting them in the Scene, and ſafely leave them thoſe trappings of writing, and flouriſhes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I muſt proceed no farther in this argument, leſt I run my ſelf beyond my excuſe for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to ſet a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, *who did*

me the honour to joyn me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakeſpear's *: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he firſt taught me to admire. The Play it ſelf had formerly been acted with ſucceſs in the* Black-Fryers: *and our excellent* Fletcher *had ſo great a value for it, that he thought fit to make uſe of the ſame Deſign, not much varied, a ſecond time. Thoſe who have ſeen his* Sea-Voyage, *may eaſily diſcern that it was a Copy of* Shakeſpear's Tempeſt: *the Storm, the deſart Iſland, and the Woman who had never ſeen a Man, are all ſufficient teſtimonies of it. But* Fletcher *was not the only Poet who made uſe of* Shakeſpear's *Plot: Sir* John Suckling, *a profeſs'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footſteps in his* Goblins; *his* Regmella *being an open imitation of* Shakeſpear's Miranda; *and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from* Ariel. *But Sir* William Davenant, *as he was a man of quick and piercing imagination, ſoon found that ſomewhat might be added to the Deſign of* Shakeſpear, *of which neither* Fletcher *nor* Suckling *had ever thought: and therefore to put the laſt hand to it, he deſign'd the Counterpart to* Shakeſpear's *Plot, namely that of a Man who had never ſeen a Woman; that by this means thoſe two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illuſtrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to deſire my aſſiſtance in it. I confeſs that from the very firſt moment it ſo pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more*

delight.

delight. I muſt likewiſe do him that juſtice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reaſon why it is not ſo faulty, as the reſt which I have done without the help or correction of ſo judicious a friend. The Comical parts of the Saylors were alſo his invention, and for the moſt part his writing, as you will eaſily diſcover by the ſtyle. In the time I writ with him I had the opportunity to obſerve ſomewhat more neerly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of ſo quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not ſuddenly produce a thought extreamly pleaſant and ſurprizing: and thoſe firſt thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not alwaies the leaſt happy. And as his fancy was quick, ſo likewiſe were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were ſuch as could not eaſily enter into any other man. His corrections were ſober and judicious: and he corrected his own writings much more ſeverely than thoſe of another man, beſtowing twice the time and labour in poliſhing which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been eaſie enough for me to have arrogated more to my ſelf than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have paſs'd by his name with ſilence in the publication of it, with the ſame ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whoſe Writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inſpection over them, and ſometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as eaſily be diſtingui'ſh'd from the reſt,

as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But beſides the unworthineſs of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing ſo baſe as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am ſatisfi'd I could never have receiv'd ſo much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem how excellent ſoever, as I ſhall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and name of Shakeſpear *and Sir* William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

THE

Prologue to the *Tempeſt*, or the *Enchanted Iſland*.

As when a Tree's cut down the ſecret root
Lives under ground, and thence new Branches ſhoot
So, from old Shakeſpear's *honour'd duſt, this day*
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakeſpear, *who (taught by none) did firſt impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to labouring* Johnſon *Art.*
He Monarch-like gave thoſe his ſubjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilſt Johnſon *crept and gather'd all below.*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt:
One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
If they have ſince out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakeſpear's *Pen.*
The Storm which vaniſh'd on the Neighb'ring ſhore,
Was taught by Shakeſpear's *Tempeſt firſt to roar.*
That innocence and beauty which did ſmile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Iſle.
But Shakeſpear's *Magick could not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durſt walk but he.
I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick ſupernatural things:
But Shakeſpear's *pow'r is ſacred as a King's.*
Thoſe Legends from old Prieſt-hood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd.
But, if for Shakeſpear *we your grace implore,*
We for our Theatre ſhall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t'employ
One of our Women to preſent a Boy.
And that's a transformation you will ſay
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the laſt Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from man to Woman-kind.
Whate're ſhe was before the Play began,
All you ſhall ſee of her is perfect man.
Or if your fancy will be further led,
To find her Woman, it muſt be abed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Alonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Uſurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Proſpero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Uſurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo a Noble man of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never ſaw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Maſter of the Ship.
Muſtacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatſwain.
Ventoſo a Mariner.
Several Mariners.
A Cabbin-Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* (Daughters to *Proſpero*) that never ſaw man.
Ariel an aiery Spirit, attendant on *Proſpero*.
Several Spirits Guards to *Proſpero*.
Caliban and *Sycorax* his Siſter Two Monſters of the Iſle.

THE

THE Enchanted Iſland.

ACT I.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?

Muſt. A hoaming Sea! we ſhall have foul weather. [*Enter* Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud cõmes againſt the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter what cheer?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Muſt. Let's have Sea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy! [*Enter Cabin-boy.*

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Maſter.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. [*Exeunt* Stephano *and Boy.*

Enter Mariners and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh, my hearts, chearly, chearly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſen have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour: keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my self: you are a Counsellour, if you can advise these Elements to silence: use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs.

[*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his destiny our Cable, for our own doth little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd we shall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both Top-sails.

Steph. Let's weigh, Let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Ex.* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your main-Capstorm.

Enter Mustacho *and* Ventoso *at the other door.*

Must. Up aloft! and man your seere-Capstorm.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there; Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers. [*Exit* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out all hands to Capstorm? You dogs, is this a time to sleep? Heave together Lads. [Trincalo *whistles.*

[*Exeunt* Mustacho *and* Ventoso.

Must. within. Our Viall's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my Lads: Come *Bullys*, chear up! heave lustily. The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek ?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Caſtle! Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, *&c.* Haul Catt, haul: haul, Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, Aft! and looſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the Miſen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Miſen-ſheat!

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the main Top-ſail!

Steph. Furle him again, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Looſe Fore-ſail! Haul Aft both ſheats! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! Aft! Lads, and hale up the Miſen here.

Muſt. A Mackrel-Gale, Maſter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind grows ſcant, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, ſtar-board, a little ſteady; now ſteady, keep her thus, no neerer you cannot come.

Enter Ventoſo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are looſe. [*Ex.* Muſt.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump! [*Exit* Ventoſo.

Enter Muſtacho *at the other door.*

Muſt. O Maſter! ſix foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-ſheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A curſe upon this howling, [*A great cry within.* They are louder than the weather. [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo. Yet again, what do you here! ſhall we give o're, and drown? ha' you a mind to ſink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Trinc. Work you then.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorſon inſolent noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Brace off the Fore-yard. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my ſelf I care not, but your loſs brings a thouſand Deaths to me.

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the world, and that, by uſe, is ſo to me: but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my ſubjects loſs in thee: Alas! I ſuffer juſtly for my crimes, but why thou ſhouldeſt---O Heaven! [*A cry within.* Heark, farewel my Son! a long farewel!

Ferd. Some lucky Plank, when we are loſt by ſhipwrack, waſt hither, and ſubmit it ſelf beneath you
Your bleſſing, and I dye contented. [*Embrace and Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo, Muſtacho, and Ventoſo.

Trinc. What muſt our mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's loſt. To prayers, to prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers. Let's aſſiſt them.

Muſt. Nay, we may e'ne pray too; our caſe is no [illegible]e.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our lives by Drunkards. This wide chopt Raſcal: would thou might'ſt lye drowning The long waſhing of ten Tides.

[*Exeunt* Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Gonz. He'll he hang'd yet, though every drop of water ſwears againſt it; now would I give ten thouſand Furlongs of Sea for one Acre of barren ground, Long-heath, Broom-furs, or any thing. The wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [*A confuſed noiſe within.*

Ant. Mercy upon us! we ſplit, we ſplit.

Gonz. Let's all ſink with the Duke, and the young Prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is ſinking. [*A new cry within.*

Steph. Run her aſhore!

Trinc. Luffe! luffe! or we are all loſt! there's a Rock upon the Star-board Bow.

Steph. She ſtrikes, ſhe ſtrikes! All ſhift for themſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Miranda! where's your Siſter?

Miran. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the walks end, on the huge beat of Waters.

Proſp. It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your Art, my deareſt Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.
Had I been any God of power, I would have ſunk the Sea into the Earth, before it ſhould the Veſſel ſo have ſwallowed.

Proſp. Collect your ſelf, and tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Proſp. There is no harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Siſter:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Proſpero*, Maſter of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne're indeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Proſp. I ſhould inform thee farther: wipe thou thine Eyes, have comfort; the direful ſpectacle of the wrack, which touch'd the very virtue of compaſſion in thee, I have with ſuch a pity ſafely order'd, that not one creature in the Ship is loſt.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you ſtopt.

Proſp. The hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive, Canſt thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canſt, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Proſp. Tell me the image then of any thing which thou doſt keep in thy remembrance ſtill.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Proſp. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda*: what ſee'ſt thou elſe in the dark back-ward, and abyſs of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought e're thou cam'ſt here, then, how thou cam'ſt thou may'ſt remember too.

Mir.

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Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Prosp. Fifteen Years since, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prosp. Thy Mother was all virtue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was't a blessing that we did?

Prosp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have suffer'd. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Prosp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle (do'st thou attend me Child?)

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Prosp. Having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-toping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunck, and suckt my verdure out: thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Prosp. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature:
He did believe
He was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward face of Soveraignty. Do'st thou still mark me?

Mir. Your story would cure deafness.

Prosp. To have no screen between the part he plaid, and whom he plaid it for; he needs would be Absolute *Millan*, and Confederates (so dry he was for Sway) with *Savoy*'s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. False man!

Prosp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's suit,
And on a night
Mated to his design, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Millan*, and i'th' dead of darkness, hurri'd me thence with thy young Sister, and thy crying self.

Mir.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deſtroy us?

Proſp. They durſt not, Girl, in *Millan*, For the love my people bore me; in ſhort, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Niſſa*'s Port: bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten Carkaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Maſt; the very Rats inſtinctively had quit it: they hoiſted us, to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to ſigh to Winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again, did ſeem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Proſp. Thou and thy Siſter were two Cherubins, which did preſerve me: you both did ſmile, infus'd with fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we aſhore?

Proſp. By Providence Divine,
Some food we had, and ſome freſh Water, which a Noble man of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Maſter of that black deſign, gave us; with rich Garments, and all neceſſaries, which ſince have ſteaded much: and of his gentleneſs (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furniſht me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might ſee that man.

Proſp. Here in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my mid-Heaven doth depend on a moſt happy Star, whoſe influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here ceaſe more queſtion, thou art inclin'd to ſleep: 'tis a good dulneſs, and give it way; I know thou canſt not chuſe. [*She falls aſleep.*
Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach
My *Ariel*, Come. [*Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. All hail great Maſter, grave Sir, hail, I come to anſwer thy beſt pleaſure, be it to fly, to ſwim, to ſhoot into the fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy ſtrong bidding, task *Ariel* and all his qualities.

Proſp. Haſt thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waſte,
the

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the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and ſometimes I ſeem'd to burn in many places on the Top-Maſt, the Yards and Bore-ſprit; I did flame diſtinctly.

Proſp. My brave Spirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil did not infect his Reaſon?

Ariel. Not a ſoul
But felt a Feaver of the mind, and play'd ſome tricks of deſperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Veſſel: the Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*, with hair upſtairing (more like Reeds than Hair) was the firſt man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Proſp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Cloſe by my Maſter.

Proſp. But, *Ariel*, are they ſafe?

Ariel. Not a hair periſht.
In Troops I have diſpers'd them round this Iſle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himſelf, whom I have left warming the air with ſighs, in an odde angle of the Iſle, and ſitting, his arms he folded in this ſad knot.

Proſp. Say how thou haſt diſpos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the reſt of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dſt
Me up at midnight to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid,
The Mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep, and for the reſt o'th' Fleet
(Which I diſperſt) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound ſadly home for *Italy*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.

Proſp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?

Ariel.

Ariel. Paſt the mid-ſeaſon.

Proſp. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'tween ſix and now muſt by us both be ſpent moſt precioufly.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? ſince thou doſt give me pains, let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Proſp. How now, *Moodie*?
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Proſp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!
Remember I have done thee faithful ſervice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings,
Serv'd without or grudge, or grumblings:
Thou didſt promiſe to bate me a full year.

Proſp. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Proſp. Thou doſt, and think'ſt it much to tread the Ooze
Of the ſalt deep:
To run againſt the ſharp wind of the North,
To do my buſineſs in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Froſt.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Proſp. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! haſt thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy was grown into a Hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ariel. No Sir!

Proſp. Thou haſt; where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Proſp. Oh, was ſhe ſo! I muſt
Once every Month recount what thou haſt been, which thou forgetteſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax* for miſchiefs manifold, and ſorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou knowſt was baniſht: but for one thing ſhe did, they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. I Sir.

Proſp. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with child,

And here was left by th' Saylors, thou, my ſlave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant,
And 'cauſe thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands;
Refuſing her grand Heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Miniſters,
(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whoſe rift impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully
Remain a dozen years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy
Groans, as faſt as Mill-wheels ſtrike.
Then was this Iſle (ſave for two Brats, which ſhe did
Litter here, the brutiſh *Caliban*, and his twin Siſter,
Two freckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Siſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*, and ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in ſervice. Thou beſt knowſt what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts of ever angry Bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne're again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmureſt, I will rend an Oak,
And peg the in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Haſt howld away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command, and be
A gentle ſpirit.

Proſp. Do ſo, and after two days I'le diſcharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter.
What ſhall I do? ſay? what? what ſhall I do?

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible to
Every eye-ball elſe: hence with diligence.
My daughter wakes. Anon thou ſhalt know more. [*Ex.* Ariel.
Thou haſt ſlept well my child.

Mir. The ſadneſs of your ſtory put heavineſs in me.

Proſp.

Proſp. Shake it off; come on, I'le now call *Caliban*, my ſlave, Who never yields us a kind anſwer.

Mir. 'Tis a creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Proſp. But as 'tis, we cannot miſs him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and ſerve in Offices that profit us: what hoa! Slave! *Caliban*! thou Earth thou, ſpeak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Proſp. Come forth, I ſay, there's other buſineſs for thee. Come thou Tortoiſe, when? [*Enter* Ariel.
Fine apparition, my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thy ear.

Ariel. My Lord it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Proſp. Thou poiſonous Slave, got by the Devil himſelf upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter* Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e're my Mother bruſh'd with Raven's Feather from unwholſome Fens, drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on you, and bliſter you all o're.

Proſp. For this beſure, to night thou ſhalt have Cramps, ſide-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath up; Urchins ſhall prick thee till thou bleed'ſt: thou ſhalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs, each pinch more ſtinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I muſt eat my dinner: this Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt, thou ſtroak'ſt me, and mad'ſt much of me, would'ſt give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the leſs, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and ſhew'd thee all the qualities of the Iſle, the freſh-Springs, brine-Pits, barren places, and fertil. Curs'd be I, that I did ſo: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Batts, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou haſt. I firſt was mine own Lord; and here thou ſtay'ſt me in this hard Rock, whiles thou doſt keep from me the reſt o'th' Iſland.

Proſp. Thou moſt lying Slave, whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t'had been done: thou did'ſt prevent me, I had peopl'd elſe this Iſle with *Calibans*.

Proſp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne're would any print of goodneſs take, being capable of all ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didſt not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but would'ſt gabble, like a thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou did'ſt learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore waſt thou deſervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me language, and my profit by it is, that I know to curſe: the red botch rid you for learning me your language.

Proſp. Hag-ſeed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrugſt thou (malice)
If thou neglecteſt or doſt unwillingly what I command,
I'le wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with
Aches, make thee roar, that Beaſts ſhall tremble
At thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!
I muſt obey. His Art is of ſuch power,
It would controul my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vaſſal of him.

Proſp. So Slave, hence.

[*Exeunt* Proſpero *and* Caliban *ſeverally*.

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Siſter! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you ſo?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes caſt down upon the Seas,
The whiſtling winds blew rudely on my face,
And the waves roar'd; at firſt I thought the War
Had bin between themſelves, but ſtrait I ſpy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it ſeem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above;
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the wind,
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon:
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtſy'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him: till, at laſt, all ſide long
With a great crack his belly burſt in pieces.

Mir. There all had periſht
Had not my Father's magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Siſter, I have ſtranger news to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And ſhortly we may chance to ſee that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father ſay we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he ſhould eat us Siſter?

Mir. No ſure, you ſee my Father is a man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
Had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Siſter, no, if they were young, my Father
Said that we muſt call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confeſs you poſe me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? pray ſiſter let you and I look up and down one day, to find ſome little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we muſt go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which ſeizes all who are in open Air:

Th' effect

Th' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.
Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a Man.

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, *Attendants.*

Gonz. BEseech your Grace be merry; you have cause, so have we all, of joy for our strange scape: then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alonz. Prithee peace! you cram these words into my Ears against my stomack, how can I rejoyce, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish?

Ant. Sir, he may live,
I saw him beat the billows under him, and ride upon their backs; he trod the Water, whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted the most swoln surge that met him, his bold head 'bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd himself with his strong arms to shore, I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I, *Antonio*, were those who cast him to death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then, we should have helpt it, when thou betrayedst thy Brother *Prospero*, and *Mantua*'s Infant, Sovereign to my power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force anothers right; then lost we *Ferdinand*, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke truce with Heav'n;
You to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the waves have lost an only Son;
I did usurp my Brother's fertile lands, and now
Am cast upon this desert Isle.

Gonz. These, Sir, 'tis true, were crimes of a black Dye,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,

By

By your late Voyage into *Portugal*,
Where, in defence of Chriſtianity,
Your valour has repuls'd the *Moors* of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not *Gonzalo*.
No act but penitence can expiate guilt,
Muſt we teach Heaven what price to ſet on Murthers?
What rate on lawleſs power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And ſell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*Muſick within.*

Gonz. Muſick! and in the air! ſure we are ſhipwrackt on the Dominions of ſome merry Devil.

Ant. This Iſle's inchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my Ear, and groans
Of lamenting Ghoſts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood purſu'd my hand; O Heaven! deliver me from this dire place, and all the after actions of my life ſhall mark my penitence and my bounty.
Heark! [*A Dialogue within ſung in parts.*
The ſounds approach us.

1 *D.* Where does proud Ambition dwell?
2. In the loweſt Rooms of Hell.
1. Of the damn'd who leads the Hoſt?
2. He who did oppreſs the moſt.
1. Who ſuch Troops of damned brings?
2. Moſt are led by fighting Kings.
Kings who did Crowns unjuſtly get,
Here on burning Thrones are ſet.
Chor. Kings who did Crowns, *&c.*

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how they lay our Crimes before us?
Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In ſhewing men their ſins?
Alonz. But in a different way,
Thoſe warn from doing, theſe upbraid 'em done.

1. Who are the Pillars of Ambitions Court?
2. Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it ſupport.

1. What

1. What lyes beneath her feet?
2. Her footſteps tread,
On Orphans tender breaſts, and Brothers dead.
1. Can Heaven permit ſuch Crimes ſhould be
Rewarded with felicity?
2. Oh no! uneaſily their Crowns they wear,
And their own guilt amidſt their Guards they fear.
Cares when they wake their minds unquiet keep,
And we in viſions lord it o're their ſleep.
Cho. Oh no! uneaſily their Crowns, *&c.*

Alonz. See where they come in horrid ſhapes!
Enter the two that ſung, in the ſhape of Devils, placing themſelves at two corners of the Stage.
Ant. Sure Hell is open'd to devour us quick.
1. *D.* Say Brother, ſhall we bear theſe mortals hence?
2. Firſt let us ſhew the ſhapes of their offence.
1. We'll muſter then their crimes on either ſide:
Appear! appear! their firſt begotten, Pride. [*Enter Pride.*
Pride. Lo! I am here, who led their hearts aſtray,
And to Ambition did their minds betray. [*Enter Fraud.*
Fraud. And guileful Fraud does next appear,
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their courſe did ſteer. [*Enter Rapine.*
Rap. From Fraud to Force they ſoon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive. [*Enter Murther.*
Murd. There long they cannot ſtay,
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to ſecure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.
After which they fall into a round encompaſſing the Duke, &c. Singing.
Around, around, we pace
About this curſed place,
Whilſt thus we compaſs in
Theſe mortals and their ſin. *Dance.*
[*All the ſpirits vaniſh.*

Ant.

Ant. Heav'n has heard me! they are vaniſh'd.
Alonz. But they have left me all unman'd;
I feel my ſinews ſlacken'd with the fright,
And a cold ſweat trills down o're all my limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into Water.
O *Proſpero*! my crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart.
Ant. And mine, 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito*.
Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent!
Alonz. Lead from this curſed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not ſo dreadful.
This is the Region of deſpair and death.
Gonz. Shall we not ſeek ſome food?
Alonz. Beware all fruit but what the birds have peid,
The ſhadows of the Trees are poiſonous too:
A ſecret venom ſlides from every branch.
My conſcience doth diſtract me, O my Son!
Why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe,
Before I know thy fortune? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel, *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

Ariel's *Song.*

Come unto theſe yellow ſands
And then take hands.
Curtſy'd when you have and kiſs'd,
The wild waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there, and ſweet ſprights bear
the Burthen. [Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark! hark! Bow-waugh; the watch-dogs bark,
Bow-waugh.
Ariel. *Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer*
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i'th' Air, or th' Earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon ſome God
O'th' Iſland, ſitting on a bank weeping againſt the Duke
My Father's wrack. This muſick hover'd o're me

On the waters, allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With charming Airs; thence I have follow'd it (or it
Hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone;
No, it begins again.

Ariel. *Song.*

Full Fathoms five thy Father lyes,
Of his bones is Coral made:
Thoſe are Pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade,
But does ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his, Knell
Hark now I hear 'em, Ding dong Bell.

[Burthen, *Ding dong.*

Ferd. The mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father,
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor a ſound which the
Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
However I will on and follow it. [*Ex.* Ferd. *and* Ariel.

Enter Stephano, Muſtacho, Ventoſo.

Vent. The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Muſt. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, ſwam after it. And this Scollop-ſhell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found ſomething ſince we landed. I prethee fill a ſoop, and let it go round.
Where haſt thou laid the Runlet?

Muſt. I'th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace,
We cannot live long in this barren Iſland, and we may
Take a ſoop before death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Muſt. This is prize-Brandy, we ſteal Cuſtom, and it coſts nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Maſter, what have you ſav'd?

Steph. Juſt nothing but my ſelf.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold ſtomach.

Steph.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Muſtacho* weeps. Hang loſſes as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He ſheds his Brandy out of his eyes: he ſhall drink no more.

Muſt. This will be a doleful day with old *Beſs*. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's loſt too. But as you ſay, hang loſſes. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Beſhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife,
I had not thought of mine elſe, Nature will ſhew it ſelf,
I muſt melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old jade,
And has but one eye left: but ſhe'll weep out that too,
When ſhe hears that I am dead.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting in thought of mine. But well, If I return not in ſeven years to my own Country, ſhe may marry agen: and 'tis from this Iſland thither at leaſt ſeven years ſwimming.

Muſt. O at leaſt, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe're ſhe marries, poor ſoul, ſhe'll weep a nights when ſhe thinks of *Stephano*.

Vent. But Maſter, ſorrow is dry! there's for you agen.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fiſh as a Man, but for the comfort we get aſhore: O for any old dry Wench now I am wet.

Muſt. Poor heart! that would ſoon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Iſle: here we may lye at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, e're we can cry a Sail, a Sail at ſight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another ſoop to comfort us.

Vent. This Iſle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are periſhed.

Muſt. Our Ship is ſunk, and we can never get home agen: we muſt e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks aſhore to make us all rich, therefore let us carry good Conſciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my ſubjects, I'le break out his Teeth with my Scepter: for I was Maſter at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Muſtacho* have been my Mate, and ſhall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may chuſe your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And ſo fill me the other ſoop.

Steph. whiſpering. Ventoſo, doſt thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

Vent. I'le have no whiſperings to corrupt the Election; and to ſhow that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'le keep my voice for my ſelf.

Muſt. Stephano, hear me, I will ſpeak for the people, becauſe there are few, or rather none in the Iſle to ſpeak for themſelves. Know then, that to prevent the farther ſhedding of Chriſtian blood, we are all content *Ventoſo* ſhall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak good people, are you well agreed? what, no man anſwer? well, you may take their ſilence for conſent.

Vent. You ſpeak for the people, *Muſtacho*? I'le ſpeak for 'em, and declare generally with one voice, one word and all; that there ſhall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unleſs I be he.

Muſt. You declare for the people, who never ſaw your face! Cold Iron ſhall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil war during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Iſland.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo *with a great bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Boſen!

Muſt. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. ſings. I ſhall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I ſhall dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral,
But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marrian*, and *Margery*,
But none of us car'd for *Kate*.

For

For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar, nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where e're ſhe did itch.
This is a ſcurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort agen.

[*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another ſubject now; welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack Boys: the King of good fellows can be no ſubject.
I will be Old *Simon* the King.

Muſt. Hah, old Boy! how didſt thou ſcape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylors Threw overboard: but are you alive, hoa! for I will Tipple with no Ghoſts till I'm dead: thy hand *Muſtacho*, And thine *Ventoſo*; the ſtorm has done its worſt: *Stephano* alive too! give thy Boſen thy hand, Maſter.

Vent. You muſt kiſs it then, for, I muſt tell you, we have choſen him Duke in a full Aſſembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Muſt. Of this Iſland, man. Oh *Trincalo* we are all made, the Iſland's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will ſpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ſt be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Iſland; and when we are weary of Governing thou ſhalt ſucceed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoſo*, I will ſucceed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. Trincalo, ſleep and be ſober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free election, and you *Trincalo* are not your ſelf; but we pardon your firſt fault,
Becauſe it is the firſt day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried ſo ſwimmingly againſt me, whilſt I was ſwimming, and ſaving my ſelf for the good of the people of this Iſland.

Muſt.

Muſt. Art thou mad *Trincalo*, wilt thou diſturb a ſettled Government?

Trinc. I ſay this Iſland ſhall be under *Trincalo*, or it ſhall be a Common-wealth; and ſo my Bottle is my Buckler, and ſo I draw my Sword. [*Draws.*

Vent. Ah *Trincalo*, I thought thou hadſt had more grace,
Than to rebel againſt thy old Maſter,
And thy two lawful Vice-Roys.

Muſt. Wilt not thou take advice of two that ſtand
For old Counſellors here, where thou art a meer ſtranger
To the Laws of the Country.

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins. [*Vent. Muſt.* draw.

Steph. Hold, hold, I'le have no blood ſhed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a rebellion
By himſelf; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open war wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys.

[*Ex.* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with wood upon his back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſpero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a Diſeaſe: his ſpirits hear me, and yet I needs muſt curſe, but they'l not pinch, fright me with Urchin ſhows, pitch me i'th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em: but for every trifle he ſets them on me; ſometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiſs me to madneſs. Hah! yonder ſtands one of his ſpirits ſent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a man, or a fiſh?
This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;

Not

Not a Holy-day fool there but would give me
Six-pence for the ſight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a preſent for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monſter, I'le do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'le bring thee Wood home faſter.

Trinc. He talks none of the wiſeſt, but I'le give him
A dram o'th' Bottle, that will clear his underſtanding.
Come on your ways Maſter Monſter, open your mouth.
How now, you perverſe Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your friend!
Open your chops, I ſay. [*Pours Wine down his throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears cœleſtial Liquor,
I'le kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monſter; Monſter what ſay'ſt thou, art thou content to turn civil and ſober, as I am? for then thou ſhalt be my ſubject.

Calib. I'le ſwear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: did'ſt thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the man in her when time was. By this light, a very ſhallow Monſter.

Calib. I'le ſhew thee every fertile inch i'th' Iſle, and kiſs thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*Drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn, Monſter, in good faith.

Calib. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs, I'le pluck thee Berries,
I'le fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curſe upon the Tyrant whom I ſerve, I'le bear him
No more ſticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monſter is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I with my long Nails, will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jay's Neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare
The Marmazet; I'le bring thee to cluſter'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monſter comes of a good natur'd race;
Is there no more of thy kin in this Iſland?

Calib. Divine, here is but one beſides my ſelf;
My lovely Siſter, beautiful and bright as the full Moon.
Trinc. Where is ſhe?
Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-Combs.
Say my King, ſhall I call her to thee?
Trinc. She ſhall ſwear upon the Bottle too.
If ſhe proves handſom ſhe is mine: here Monſter,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou ſhalt ſpeak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*
Calib. Farewel, old Maſter, farewel, farewel.
Sings. No more Dams I'le make for Fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape Trencher, nor waſh Diſh,
Ban, Ban, *Cackaliban*
Has a new Maſter, get a new man.
Heigh-day, Freedom, freedom!
Trinc. Here's two ſubjects got already, the Monſter,
And his Siſter: well, Duke *Stephano*, I ſay, and ſay agen,
Wars will enſue, and ſo I drink. [*Drinks.*
From this worſhipful Monſter, and Miſtreſs,
Monſter his Siſter,
I'le lay claim to this Iſland by Alliance:
Monſter, I ſay thy Siſter ſhall be my Spouſe:
Come away Brother Monſter, I'le lead thee to my Butt
And drink her health. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Proſpero *alone.*

Proſp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The infant Duke of *Mantua* ſo near them in this Iſle,
Whoſe Father dying bequeath'd him to my care,
Till my falſe Brother (when he deſign'd t'uſurp
My Dukedom from me) expos'd him to that fate
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I ſaw death threat'ning him, if, till ſome time were
Paſt, he ſhould behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!* [*Enter* Hippolito.

Hip.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy ſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe not me for thy reſtraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my Priſon, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Proſp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his ſhapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Priſoner.

Proſp. 'Tis pity he ſhould ſeize thy tender youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you ſay, no creature liv'd
Within this Iſle, but thoſe which Man was Lord of,
Why then ſhould I fear?

Proſp. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who ſhare man's ſoveraignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depoſe him from it.

Hip. What are thoſe Creatures, Sir?

Proſp. Thoſe dangerous enemies of men call'd women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
But have I Enemies within this Iſle, and do you
Keep me from them? do you think that I want
Courage to encounter 'em?

Proſp. No courage can reſiſt 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd ſo long unharm'd among them?

Proſp. O they deſpiſe old age, and ſpare it for that reaſon:
It is below their conqueſt, their fury falls
Alone upon the young.

Hip. Why then the fury of the young ſhould fall on them again.
Pray turn me looſe upon 'em: but, good Sir,
What are women like?

Proſp. Imagine ſomething between young men and Angels:
Fatally beauteous, and have killing Eyes,
Their voices charm beyond the Nightingales,

They are all enchantment, thoſe who once behold 'em,
Are made their ſlaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Proſp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your eyes are ſhut,
They through the lids will ſhine, and pierce your ſoul;
Abſent, they will be preſent to you.
They'l haunt you in your very ſleep.

Hip. Then I'le revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Proſp. You are without all poſſibility of revenge,
They are ſo beautiful that you can ne're attempt,
Nor wiſh to hurt them.

Hip. Are they ſo beautiful?

Proſp. Calm ſleep is not ſo ſoft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer Shades ſo pleaſant.

Hip. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the gloſs upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rain-bow?
Theſe I have ſeen, and without danger wondred at.

Proſp. All theſe are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you ſhould chance to ſee 'em,
Avoid 'em ſtreight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, ſince you ſay they are ſo dangerous,
I'le ſo far ſhun 'em as I may with ſafety of the
Unblemiſh'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm ſure I ſhall
Not then forbear them.

Proſp. Go in and read the Book I gave you laſt.
To morrow I may bring you better news.

Hip. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.

Proſp. So, ſo; I hope this leſſon has ſecur'd him,
For I have been conſtrain'd to change his Lodging
From yonder Rock where firſt I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Becauſe the Shipwrack happen'd near his Manſion.
I hope he will not ſtir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:

The Planets ſeem to ſmile on my deſigns,
And yet there is one ſullen cloud behind,
I would it were diſperſt. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How, my daughters! I thought I had inſtructed
Them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, Sir.

Proſp. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, Sir?

Proſp. All that you can imagine is ill there,
The curled Lyon, and the rugged Bear
Are not ſo dreadful as that man.

Mir. Oh me, why ſtay we here then?

Dor. I'le keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.

Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a man;
And yet you are not dreadful.

Proſp. I child! but I am a tame man; old men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild
Young man.

Dor. Do they run wild about the Woods?

Proſp. No, they are wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Cloſets.

Dor. But Father, I would ſtroak 'em and make 'em gentle,
Then ſure they would not hurt me.

Proſp. You muſt not truſt them, Child: no woman can come
Neer 'em but ſhe feels a pain full nine Months:
Well I muſt in; for new affairs require my
Preſence: be you, *Miranda*, your Siſter's Guardian.
[*Exit* Proſpero.

Dor. Come, Siſter, ſhall we walk the other way,
The man will catch us elſe, we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.

Mir. Well, Siſter, though he have; yet look about you
And we ſhall ſpy him e're he comes too near us.

Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.

Mir. Let me alone; I'le venture firſt, for ſure he can
Devour but one of us at once.

Dor. How dare you venture?

Mir. We'll find him ſitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he ſhall not ſee us.

Dor. I, but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who ſhall tell him on't? we'll keep each
Others Counſel.

Dor. I dare not for the world.

Mir. But how ſhall we hereafter ſhun him, if we do not
Know him firſt?

Dor. Nay I confeſs I would fain ſee him too. I find it in my
Nature, becauſe my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing I had been
quiet. Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick and becken
me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'le humble my ſelf to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a fault.

Mir. And if I can but ſcape with life, I had rather be in pain
nine Months, as my Father threatn'd, than loſe my longing.

[*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Hippolito *in a Cave walking, his face from the Audience.*

Hip. *Proſpero* has often ſaid that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are women made?
Are they to ſuck the poyſon of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'le ask that
Queſtion, when next I ſee him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Siſter, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, juſt ſo, and has legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between men and ſpirits.

Dor. Heark! it talks, ſure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; ſee, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'le go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Siſter! I'le go to it.

I would

I would not for the world that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame man, dear Siſter,
He'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he ſhall eat me firſt:
Fye, are you not aſham'd to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your ſelf.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already.
I'le meet the danger firſt, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Siſter, you ſhall never vanquiſh me in kindneſs.
I'le venture you, no more than you will me.

Proſp. within. Miranda, Child, where are you!

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but ſay my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'l repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I dye for't, I muſt have th'other peep.

Hip. ſeeing her. What thing is that? ſure 'tis ſome Infant of the Sun, dreſs'd in his Fathers gayeſt Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my ſight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loth to ſhut my Eyes.
I muſt go nearer it----but ſtay a while;
May it not be that beauteous murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

Dor. Alas I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;
Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd ſooner tear my eyes out, than conſent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e're prove ſo to that which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never diſobey'd) to ſhun your preſence, yet I'd rather dye than loſe it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a man, that dangerous thing of which I have been warn'd; pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I muſt confeſs, I was inform'd I am a man,

But

But if I fright you, I ſhall wiſh I were ſome other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poyſon to each other!
Alas, can we not meet but we muſt die?

Hip. I hope not ſo! for when two poyſonous Creatures,
Both of the ſame kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've ſeen two Serpents harmleſs to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any venome in us, ſure, we cannot be more
Poyſonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it?

[*Takes her hand.*

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Siſter's hands
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's ſomething,
When I touch yours, which makes me ſigh: juſt ſo
I've ſeen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleaſing grief; and ſo methought was theirs;
For ſtill they mourn'd, and ſtill they ſeem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the ſame ſenſe too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleaſes, though it pains me.

Proſp. within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls agen, ah, I muſt leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm ſubject to the ſame command.

Dor. This is my firſt offence againſt my Father,
Which he, by ſevering us, too cruelly does puniſh.

Hip. And this is my firſt treſpaſs too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He ſaid our meeting would deſtructive be,
But I no death but in our parting ſee.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. EXcuſe it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the elder, and, I thought the more diſcreet) I gave the conduct of your Siſter's actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.

Proſp. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not ſee the man whom I commanded you to ſhun?

Mir. I muſt confeſs I ſaw him at a diſtance.

Proſp. Did not his Eyes infect and poyſon you?
What alteration found you in your ſelf?

Mir. I only wondred at a ſight ſo new.

Proſp. But have you no deſire once more to ſee him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayeſt thing I ever ſaw, ſo fine that it appear'd more fit to be belov'd than fear'd, and ſeem'd ſo near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Siſter.

Proſp. You do not love it?

Mir. How is it likely that I ſhould, except the thing had firſt lov'd me?

Proſp. Cheriſh thoſe thoughts: you have a gen'rous ſoul;
And ſince I ſee your mind not apt to take the light
Impreſſions of a ſudden love, I will unfold
A ſecret to your knowledge.
That Creature which you ſaw, is of a kind which
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

Mir. Why did you then propoſe him as an object of terrour to my mind? you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you ſaid I did believe as ſacred.

Proſp. I fear'd the pleaſing form of this young man
Might unawares poſſeſs your tender breaſt,

Which

Which for a nobler Gueſt I had deſign'd;
For ſhortly, my *Miranda*, you ſhall ſee another of his kind,
The full blown-flower, of which this youth was but the
Op'ning-bud. Go in, and ſend your ſiſter to me.

Mir. Heav'n ſtill preſerve you, Sir. [*Ex.* Miranda.

Proſp. And make thee fortunate.
Dorinda now muſt be examin'd too concerning this
Late interview. I'm ſure unartful truth lies open
In her mind, as Cryſtal ſtreams their ſandy bottom ſhow.
I muſt take care her love grow not too faſt,
For innocence is Love's moſt fertile ſoil,
Wherein he ſoon ſhoots up and widely ſpreads,
Nor is that danger which attends *Hippolito* yet overpaſt.

[*Enter* Dorinda.

Proſp. O, come hither, you have ſeen a man to day,
Againſt my ſtrict command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I ſaw him but a little, Sir.

Proſp. Come, come, be clear. Your Siſter told me all.

Dor. Did ſhe? truly ſhe would have ſeen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Proſp. Why ſo?

Dor. Becauſe, methought, he would have hurt me leſs
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With him, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

Proſp. Hah! was he to blame?
Tell me, with that ſincerity I taught you, how you became ſo
bold to ſee the man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, becauſe I did not ſee him much till he ſaw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and ſtar'd, and ſtar'd upon my face; and ſo I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e're come neer a man again-----

Proſp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are miſtaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Proſp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e're I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous man runs ever in my mind.

Prosp. The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, say not so, I promis'd him
To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my promise.

Prosp. Wou'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me,
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Prosp. Those sighs were poysonous, they infected you:
You say they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prosp. These are the Day-dreams of a maid in love,
But still I fear the worst.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my sake;
I'le undertake to tye him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris'ner to you.

Prosp. Take heed, *Dorinda*, you may be deceiv'd;
This Creature is of such a Salvage race,
That no mild usage can reclaim his wildness;
But, like a Lyon's whelp bred up by hand,
When least you look for't, Nature will present
The Image of his Fathers bloody Paws,
Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen;
And he will leap into his native fury.

Dor. He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Prosp. You speak of him with too much passion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What past betwixt you and that horrid creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I should be angry.

Prosp. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what I ask, what thought you when you saw it?

Dor. At first it star'd upon me and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd so lovely, that when

I would have fled away, my feet ſeem'd faſten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement askt
To touch my hand; which, as a ranſom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth ſo eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have ſwallow'd it.

Proſp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Dor. He on a ſudden grew ſo tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat ſo ſtrong as I lackt breath
To anſwer what he ask'd.

Proſp. You have been too fond, and I ſhould chide you for it.

Dor. Then ſend me to that creature to be puniſht.

Proſp. Poor Child! thy paſſion like a lazy Ague
Has ſeiz'd thy blood, inſtead of ſtriving thou humour'ſt
And feed'ſt thy languiſhing diſeaſe: thou fight'ſt
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-bird
Juſt ſtraggl'd from the Neſt: pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

Proſp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your ſelf reſerv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at diſtance from him.

Dor. This is hard.

Proſp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will deſpiſe you if you grow too kind.

Dor. I'le ſtruggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back agen?

Proſp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But uſe him ill and he'l be yours for ever.

Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me agen. [*Exit* Dorinda.

Proſp.

Proſp. Now my deſigns are gathering to a head.
My ſpirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel*! my ſervant *Ariel*, where art thou?

[*Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. What wou'd my potent Maſter? here I am.

Proſp. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform, and I muſt uſe you in ſuch another
Work: how goes the day?

Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the ſixth you ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.

Proſp. And ſo it ſhall;
And thou ſhalt have the open air at freedom.

Ariel. Thanks my great Lord.

Proſp. But tell me firſt, my ſpirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their followers?

Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot ſtir one ſtep beyond their compaſs.

Proſp. How do they bear their ſorrows?

Ariel. The two Dukes appear like men diſtracted, their
Attendants brim-full of ſorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo*:
His tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Viſion did ſo work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Proſp. Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Proſp. And mine ſhall:
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and ſhall not I (a man like them, one
Who as ſharply reliſh paſſions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reaſon 'gainſt my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refreſh with needful food their

Famish'd bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Prosp. With a twinckle, *Ariel.*

Ariel. Before you can say come and go,
And breath twice, and cry so; so,
Each spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em meat with mop and moe,
Do you love me, Master, I, or no?

Prosp. Dearly, my dainty *Ariel*, but stay, spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have cast off your service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

Prosp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em;
But, spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'le keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosp. Make haste then. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake, here's a Maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders, by your patience
I needs must rest.

Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my self seiz'd
With a wearines to the dulling of my Spirits:
Sit and rest. [*They sit.*
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find, and the Sea mocks our frustrate
Search on Land: well! let him go.

Ant.

Ant. Do not for one repulſe forego the purpoſe
Which you reſolv'd t'effect.

Alonz. I'm faint with hunger, and muſt deſpair
Of food, Heav'n hath incens'd the Seas and
Shores againſt us for our crimes. [*Muſick.*
What! Harmony agen, my good friends, heark!

Anto. I fear ſome other horrid apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beſeech thee!

Gonz. 'Tis chearful Muſick, this, unlike the firſt;
And ſeems as 'twere meant t'unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel *inviſible Sings.*

Dry thoſe eyes which are o'reflowing,
All your ſtorms are over-blowing:
While you in this Iſle are bideing,
You ſhall feaſt without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Alonz. This voice ſpeaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Muſick in a Song
To me, my ſtomack being empty.

Gonz. O for a heavenly Viſion of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roaſted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-Copia *in their hands.*

Alonz. Are theſe plump ſhapes ſent to deride our hunger?

Gonz. No, no: it is a Maſque of fatten'd Devils, the
Burgo-Maſters of the lower Region. [*Dance and vaniſh.*
O for a Collop of that large-haunch'd Devil
Who went out laſt!

Ant. going to the door. My Lord, the Duke, ſee yonder.
A Table, as I live, ſet out and furniſht
With all varieties of Meats and fruits.

Alonz.

Alonz. 'Tis ſo indeed, but who dares taſt this feaſt,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps, to poyſon us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be ſo ill-natur'd, he may do his pleaſure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we muſt either eat or famiſh,
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both reſolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. Then good my Lord, make haſte,
And ſay no Graee before it, I beſeech you,
Becauſe the meat will vaniſh ſtrait, if, as I fear,
An evil Spirit be our Cook. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monſter, welcome to my private Palace. But where's thy Siſter, is ſhe ſo brave a Laſs?

Calib. In all this Iſle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Proſpero*; and ſhe is bigger than 'em both. O here ſhe comes; now thou may'ſt judge thy ſelf, my Lord.

[*Enter* Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monſtrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouſe? well ſhe's Heir of all this Iſle (for I will geld Monſter). The *Trincalos*, like other wiſe men, have anciently us'd to marry for Eſtate more than for beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wriſt.

[Sycorax *points to his Boſens Whiſtle, and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, obſerve my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fuſs, thou doſt not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It ſhall be a Whiſtle for our firſt Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to ſwimming, I'le dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'le be thy pretty child, and wear it firſt.

Trinc. I prithee ſweet Babby do not play the wanton, and cry for my goods e're I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou ſhalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc.

Trinc. This is a ſucking-Bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. This is a God a mighty liquor, I did but drink thrice of it, and it hath made me glad e're ſince.

Syc. He is the braveſt God I ever ſaw.

Calib. You muſt be kind to him, and he will love you. I prithee ſpeak to her, my Lord, and come neerer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank: I muſt Fortifie my ſtomack firſt.

Syc. I ſhall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow.

[*Pointing to his Bottle, and Boſens Whiſtle.*

Calib. I, but you muſt be kind and kiſs him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monſter is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'le hug thee in my arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy ſoul *Trincalo,* thou art a dead man if this kindneſs continue.

Calib. And he ſhall get thee a young *Sycorax,* wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc. Indeed I know not how, they do no ſuch thing in my Country.

Syc. I'le ſhew thee how: thou ſhalt get me twenty *Sycoraxes*; and I'le get thee twenty *Calibans.*

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, ſhe muſt do't all her ſelf, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool Plaſhes, and the ſoft Fens, Where we will make us Pillows of Flags and Bull-ruſhes.

Calib. My Lord, ſhe would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its ſeaſon, Brother Monſter; but you muſt counſel her; fair Maids muſt not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monſter, I charge thee keep the Peace between us.

Calib. Shall ſhe not taſte of that immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another queſtion: for if ſhe be thus flipant in her Water, what will ſhe be in her Wine?

[*Enter* Ariel *(inviſible) and changes the Bottle which ſtands upon the ground.*

Ariel.

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! ſince it muſt be ſo. [*Gives her the Bottle.*

How do you like it now, my Queen that Muſt be? [*She drinks.*

Syc. Is this your heavenly liquor? I'le bring you to a River of the ſame.

Trinc. Wilt thou ſo, Madam Monſter? what a mighty Prince ſhall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo.*

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Iſland drink ſuch, they are the merryeſt Frogs in Chriſtendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:
I prithee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well ſaid, Subject Monſter. [Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou haſt chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fiſh as thou art. Let me ſee't,
I'le taſte it my ſelf. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulp ſuch as this which kill'd my famous
Predeceſſor old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy ſhoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquoriſh Monſter.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this muſt be done by one of *Proſpero's* ſpirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in theſe Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my Childhood. The Devil take 'em, I would it had bin holy-water for their ſakes.

Syc. Will not thy mightineſs revenge our wrongs, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art valiant.

Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monſter, as any fleſh alive.

Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly ſaid, in troth: now cannot I hold out againſt her. This Wife-like virtue of hers, has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou ſhalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy arms:

But

But prithee be not too boiſtrous with me at firſt;
Do not diſcourage a young beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouſe,
And ſubject Monſter; [*Ent.* Steph. Muſt. Vent.
The Enemy is come to ſurpriſe us in our Quarters.
You ſhall know Rebels that I'm marry'd to a Witch,
And we have a thouſand Spirits of our party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a ſmall remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth, I'le not accept of your Embaſſy without my title.

Steph. A title ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his ſtile of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilſt I walk by in ſtate.

[Ventoſo *and* Muſtacho *bow whilſt* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*

Muſt. Our Lord and Maſter, Duke *Stephano*, has ſent us
In the firſt place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make war againſt him, having no right
To Govern here, as being elected only by
Your own voice.

Trinc. To this I anſwer, that having in the face of the world
Eſpous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Iſland,
Queen *Blouze* the firſt, and having homage done me,
By this hectoring Spark her Brother, from theſe two
I claim a lawful Title to this Iſland.

Muſt. Who, that Monſter? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Vent. Lord! quoth he: the Monſter's a very natural.

Syc. Lo! lo! agen; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads
I adviſe you, and proceed to your buſineſs, for I have
Other affairs to diſpatch of more importance betwixt
Queen Slobber-Chops and my ſelf.

Muſt. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your claim that you have anſwer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you,
That if we make a peace, the Butt alſo may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Muſt. Is the Butt ſafe, Duke *Trincalo*?

Trinc. The Butt is partly ſafe: but to comprehend it in the Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot with my honour, without your ſubmiſſion. Theſe two, and the Spirits under me, ſtand likewiſe upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink Brine, for I will not ſhow 'em the quick freſhes of the Iſland.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Embaſſadors what your reſolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and ſo I take our leave; but firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embaſſadors.

Trinc. That I refuſe, till acts of Hoſtility be ceas'd.
Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Embaſſadors;
I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the ſecrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monſter! ſtand your Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter and feaſt our ſelves within.

Syc. May I not marry that other King and his two ſubjects, to help you anights?

Trinc. What a careful Spouſe have I? well! if ſhe does Cornute me, the care is taken.
When underneath my power my foes have truckl'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel (*inviſible.*)

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſician conduct
My ſteps? he hovers ſtill about me, whether
For good or ill I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been ſo long a ſlave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns,
But here I am-----

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd.

Ferd. Hah! art thou ſo? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
This might ſeem pleaſant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but ſighs.
And my laſt words, like thoſe of dying men
Need no reply. Fain I would go to ſhades, where
Few would wiſh to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.

Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'le not take his counſel.

Ariel. Take his counſel.

Ferd. It may be the Devil's counſel. I'le never take it.

Ariel. Take it.

Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep further.

Ariel. One ſtep further.

Ferd. This muſt have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'le try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My ſorrows to the murmurs of this Brook.

He Sings.

Go thy way.

Ariel. *Go thy way.*

Ferd. *Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay?*

Ariel. *Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay?*

Ferd. *Where the Winds whiſtle, and where the ſtreams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.

Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*

Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune ſmile.

Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.

Ferd. I'le take thy word for once;
Lead on Muſician. [*Exeunt and return.*

Scene changes, and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Proſp. No Girl, it eats and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſenſes as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſee'ſt, was in the wrack; were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (beauty's worſt Cancker) thou might'ſt call him a goodly perſon; he has loſt his company, and ſtrays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.

Proſp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit. I'le free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's ſure the Miſtreſs, on whom theſe airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to inſtruct me how you will be worſhip'd; ſo bright a beauty cannot ſure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a mortal, if ſuch you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the beſt of them who ſpeak this ſpeech, when I'm in my own Country.

Proſp. How, the beſt? what wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee ſpeak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my ſelf am *Savoy*, whoſe fatal Eyes (e're ſince at ebbe) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Proſp. At the firſt ſight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*, I'le ſet thee free for this-----young, Sir, a word.
With hazard of your ſelf you do me wrong.

Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently?
This is the third man that e're I ſaw, the firſt whom.

E're

E're I ſigh'd for, ſweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affection not gone forth,
I'le make you Miſtreſs of *Savoy*.

Proſp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others powers, but this ſwift
Bus'neſs I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light
Winning make the prize light----one word more.
Thou uſurp'ſt the name not due to thee, and haſt
Put thy ſelf upon this Iſland as a ſpy to get the
Government from me, the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I'm a man.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If th' Evil Spirit hath ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with it.

Proſp. No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor,
Come! thou art my Pris'ner and ſhalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the freſh-Brook-Muſcles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.

Ferd. No, I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment
Till my Enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*

Mir. O dear Father! make not too raſh a tryal
Of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.

Proſp. My child my Tutor! put thy Sword up Traytor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhow, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy
Conſcience is poſſeſt with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here diſarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beſeech you Father.

Proſp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'le be his Surety.

Proſp. Silence! one word more ſhall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an advocate for an
Impoſtor? ſure thou think'ſt there are no more
Such ſhapes as his?

To

To the moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections are then moſt humble,
I have no ambition to ſee a goodlier man.
Proſp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy agen, and have
No vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, would ſeem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Priſon behold this maid:
All corners elſe o'th' Earth let liberty make uſe of:
I have ſpace enough in ſuch a Priſon.
Proſp. It works: come on:
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Heark what thou ſhalt more do for me. [*Whiſpers* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Proſp. Thou ſhalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my command.
Ariel. To a Syllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Proſp. to Mir. Go in that way, ſpeak not a word for him:
I'le ſeparate you. [*Exit* Miranda.
Ferd. As ſoon thou may'ſt divide the waters
When thou ſtrik'ſt 'em, which purſue thy bootleſs blow,
And meet when 'tis paſt.
Proſp. Go practiſe your Philoſophy within,
And if you are the ſame you ſpeak your ſelf,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince---- That Door
Shews you your Lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ſtrive, I muſt obey. [*Exit.* Ferd.
Proſp. This goes as I would wiſh it.
Now for my ſecond care, *Hippolito*.
I ſhall not need to chide him for his fault,

His

His paſſion is become his puniſhment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*. [*Enter* Hippolito.

Hip. entring. 'Tis *Proſpero*'s voice.

Proſp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I ſhould ſeverely chide you: you have ſeen a woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you ſee I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my courage.

Proſp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.

Hip. No, none Sir.
Try me agen, when e're you pleaſe I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.

Proſp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aſide.*
Well! what was the ſucceſs of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at firſt,
For I took her to mercy, and ſhe me.

Proſp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wiſh and wiſh! for what I know not,
But ſtill I wiſh----yet if I had that woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wiſh for.

Proſp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I'd quit the reſt o'th' world that I might live alone with Her, ſhe never ſhould be from me.
We too would ſit and look till our eyes ak'd.

Proſp. You'd ſoon be weary of her.

Hip. O, Sir, never.

Proſp. But you'l grow old and wrinckl'd, as you ſee me now,
And then you will not care for her.

Hip. You may do what you pleaſe, but, Sir, we two can never poſſibly grow old.

Proſp. You muſt, *Hippolito*.

Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who ſhall make us?

Proſp. Nature, which made me ſo.

Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but ſhe has made us young.

Proſp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be ſure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want

Fit:

Fit occaſions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a ſtranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble preſence, and as he ſays himſelf,
Of Princely birth, he is my Priſ'ner and in deep
Affliction, viſit, and comfort him; it will become you.

Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.

Proſp. True, he has ſeen a woman, yet he lives, perhaps I took the moment of his birth amiſs, perhaps my Art it ſelf is falſe: on what ſtrange grounds we build our hopes and fears, mans life is all a miſt, and in the dark, our fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foreſee,
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill 'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.
Scene, a Cave.

Ferd. Your pity, noble youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas ſad to loſe a Father ſo.

Hip. I, and an only Father too, for ſure you ſaid
You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous ſimple! [*Aſide.*

Hip. Are ſuch misfortunes frequent in your world,
Where many men live?

Ferd. Such we are born to.
But gentle youth, as you have queſtion'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How ſhould I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not ſo:
Well, *Proſpero!* this is now the ſecond time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a man:
But I would know of whence?

Hip.

Hip. Why, of this world, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a man, yet I have bin ſo much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have ſtill been kept a Priſoner for fear of women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for ſince I came I have beheld one here, whoſe beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did ſhe pierce? you ſeem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright eyes,
And feſters by her abſence.
But to ſpeak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I ſuſpect that love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet ſince you ſaw her?

Ferd. I take no reſt.

Hip. Juſt, juſt my diſeaſe.
Do you not wiſh you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wiſh.

Hip. There, I confeſs, I differ from you, Sir:
But you deſire ſhe may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Juſt my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'le pity you, and you ſhall pity me.

Ferd. I love ſo much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that muſt not be:
For none but I muſt have her.

Ferd. But perhaps, we do not love the ſame:
All beauties are not pleaſing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Beſides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a ſtrange queſtion. There are many more beſides that beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But noble youth, you know not what you ſay.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you muſt be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is againſt my Nature.
I muſt love where I like, and I believe I may like all,
All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I muſt have her.

Ferd. His ſimplicity
Is ſuch that I can ſcarce be angry with him. [*Aſide.*
Perhaps, ſweet youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.

Hip. I find already I love, becauſe ſhe is another Woman.

Ferd. You cannot love two women, both at once.

Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do reſemble
Her whom I've already ſeen. I'le have as many as I can,
That are ſo good, and Angel-like, as ſhe I love.
And will have yours.

Ferd. Pretty youth, you cannot.

Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.

Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force reſtrain you from it.

Hip. Why do ſo if you can. But either promiſe me
To love no Woman, or you muſt try your force.

Ferd. I cannot help it, I muſt love.

Hip. Well you may love, for *Proſpero* taught me friendſhip too: you ſhall love me and other men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women ſhall be mine.

Ferd. I muſt break off this conference, or he will
Urge me elſe beyond what I can bear.
Sweet youth! ſome other time we will ſpeak
Further concerning both our loves; at preſent
I am indiſpos'd with wearineſs and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.

Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both ſeek and much intreat your friendſhip,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.

Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will conſider of it. [*Exit* Ferdinand.

Hip. This Stranger does inſult and comes into my
World to take thoſe heavenly beauties from me,

Which

Which I believe I am inſpir'd to love,
And yet he ſaid he did deſire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'le be rich:
I now perceive that *Proſpero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from woman-kind,
Thoſe precious things he for himſelf deſign'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Proſpero, *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOur ſuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may ſee him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You muſt not ſtay, your viſit muſt be ſhort. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; inſinuate into his mind
A kindneſs to that youth, whom firſt you ſaw;
I would have friendſhip grow betwixt 'em.

Mir. You ſhall be obey'd in all things.

Proſp. Be earneſt to unite their very ſouls.

Mir. I ſhall endeavour it.

Proſp. This may ſecure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my art forebodes; for friendſhip does provide a double ſtrength t'oppoſe th'aſſaults of fortune. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Pris'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye; a Link of fortune joyn'd to the chain of love; but not to ſee her, and yet to be ſo near her, there's the hardſhip; I feel my ſelf as on a Rack, ſtretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have eaſe, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord? where are you?

Ferd. Is it your voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak ſoftly, it is I.

Ferd. O heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel, how on a ſudden all my griefs are vaniſh'd!

Mir. I come to help you to ſupport your griefs.

Ferd. While I ſtand gazing thus, and thus have leave to touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Heark! heark! is't not my Father's voice I hear? I fear he calls me back again too ſoon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty minds: 'tis ſcarce a virtue when it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd with love, and ſo is mine; yet I may fear, for I am guilty when I diſobey my Fathers will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you pleaſe Heav'n in diſobeying him,
Heav'n bids you ſuccour Captives in diſtreſs.

Mir. How do you bear your Priſon?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and ſilence wait upon our wiſhes; do but think we chuſe it, and 'tis what we would chuſe.

Mir. I'm ſure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will dye when you are falſe.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their falſe Lovers with their Ghoſts.

Ferd. Your Ghoſt muſt take another form to fright me,
This ſhape will be too pleaſing: do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witneſs to this ſound,
If I prove falſe----

Mir. Oh hold, you ſhall not ſwear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forſworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeſerved captivity, then I could wiſh to gain my freedom with the loſs of you.

Mir. I am a fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a ſuit to you, and that, Sir, ſhall be now the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave ſaid enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'rebid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my ſake, who for his own deſerves all the reſpect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his uſage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all theſe wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a requeſt which if you love I ſhould not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your ſake?

Mir. Yes ſuch a one, who for his ſweetneſs and his goodly ſhape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can ſcarce be equall'd: 'Tis a youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I for your ſake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple to grant the firſt requeſt I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the world, and wants your converſation. You ſhould have compaſſion on ſo meer a ſtranger.

Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend, not whom you praiſe.

Mir. I only ask this eaſie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have eaſier bin
If you had never aſk'd it.

Mir. I cannot underſtand you; and methinks am loth
To be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get acceſs, when my Confinement makes me want that bleſſing.
I his compaſſion, need and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, truſt me for him.
He has a melting heart, and ſoft to all the Seals
Of kindneſs; I will undertake for his compaſſion.

Ferd. O Heavens! would I were ſure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.

Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.

Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?

Yet

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Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I have done, ſo full of youth and beauty.
Ferd. O poyſon to my hopes! [*Aſide.*
When he did viſit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.
Mir. Alas, what mean you?
Ferd. It is too plain: like moſt of her frail Sex, ſhe's falſe,
But has not learnt the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, ſhe loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Becauſe ſhe's young? No, no, their Nurſes teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.
Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you pleaſe to hear me---- [*A noiſe within.*
Heark! Sir! now I am ſure my Father comes, I know
His ſteps; dear Love retire a while, I fear
I've ſtay'd too long.
Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: oh jealouſie!
Oh Love! how you diſtract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand
Mir. He appears diſpleas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I muſt conceal it from my Fathers knowledge,
For he will think that guiltleſs I have caus'd it;
And ſuffer me no more to ſee my Love. [*Enter* Proſpero.
Proſp. Now I have been indulgent to your wiſh,
You have ſeen the Priſoner?
Mir. Yes.
Proſp. And he ſpake to you?
Mir. He ſpoke; but he receiv'd ſhort anſwers from me.
Proſp. How like you his converſe?
Mir. At ſecond ſight
A man does not appear ſo rare a Creature.
Proſp. aſide. I find ſhe loves him much becauſe ſhe hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence,
And where he gets poſſeſſion, his firſt work is to
Dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid,

And

And like a Miſer in the dark to feaſt alone.
But tell me, dear *Miranda*, how does he ſuffer
His impriſonment?

Mir. I think he ſeems diſpleas'd.

Proſp. O then 'tis plain his temper is not noble,
For the brave with equal minds bear good
And evil fortune.

Mir. O, Sir, but he's pleas'd again ſo ſoon
That 'tis not worth your noting.

Proſp. To be ſoon diſpleas'd and pleas'd ſo ſuddenly again,
Does ſhew him of a various froward Nature.

Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex'd at all, but only
Seem'd to be ſo.

Proſp. If he be not and yet ſeems angry, he is a diſſembler,
Which ſhews the worſt of Natures.

Mir. Truly, Sir, the man has faults enough; but in my conſcience that's none of 'em. He can be no diſſembler.

Proſp. aſide. How ſhe excuſes him, and yet deſires that I ſhould judge her heart indifferent to him? well, ſince his faults are many, I am glad you love him not.

Mir. 'Tis like, Sir, they are many,
But I know none he has, yet let me often ſee him
And I ſhall find 'em all in time.

Proſp. I'le think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.

Mir. aſide. Forgive me, truth, for thus diſguiſing thee; if I can make him think I do not love the ſtranger much, he'll let me ſee him oftner. [*Exit* Miranda.

Proſp. Stay! ſtay----I had forgot to aſk her what ſhe has ſaid
Of young *Hippolito*: Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda*. I'le not be ſeen, let [*Ent.* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in ſecret. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Hip. But why are you ſo ſad?

Dor. But why are you ſo joyful?

Hip. I have within me all, all the various Muſick of
The Woods. Since laſt I ſaw you I have heard brave news!
I'le tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I ſaw you firſt, I through my eyes drew

Some-

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Something in, I know not what it is;
But ſtill it entertains me with ſuch thoughts
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a man, I'le tell you bleſſed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.
Dor. Is this your news? you ſee it moves not me.
Hip. And I'le have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'le have you too.
But are not you acquainted with theſe Women?
Dor. I never ſaw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a baſe poor world, I'le go to th' other;
I've heard men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Siſter?
Hip. Is ſhe your Siſter? I'm glad o'that: you ſhall help me to her, and I'le love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counſel which enjoyn'd reſervedneſs, [*Aſide.*
Was not in vain I ſee.
Hip. What makes you ſhun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'l have my Siſters hand.
Hip. Why, muſt not he who touches hers touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why ſhould not I do ſo?
Dor. She is my Siſter, and therefore I muſt love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Siſters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'le not love you.
Hip. O but you muſt;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Siſter told me ſhe had ſeen another;
A man like you, and ſhe lik'd only him;

Therefore if one muſt be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If ſhe like him, ſhe may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you ſee that man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'le ſee neither of you.
Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;
But he's the man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monſtrous creature,
I am but a Woman to him.
Dor. I will ſee him,
Except you'l promiſe not to ſee my Siſter.
Hip. Yes for your ſake I needs muſt ſee your Siſter.
Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Siſter ſhe would eat me; therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair, and like you.
Dor. No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that man and ſhe may go together,
They are fit for no body but one another.
Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring eyes, fly! fly!
before he ſees you.
Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?
Hip. Y'are a loſt Woman if you ſee him.
Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear you
Should not find me. I'le avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Siſter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman;
All of a Kind that I have ſeen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are ſo. [*Enter* Ferdinand.
Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy man!
Y'have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.
Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you ſure on't?

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Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her ſake.
Hip. Then I muſt have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead.
Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatſoe're it be
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.
Hip. But for a friend you ſhould make haſte; I ne're aſk'd
Any thing of you before.
Ferd. I ſee your ignorance;
And therefore will inſtruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, ſaw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'l cauſe my death.
Hip. Beſure I'le do't then.
Ferd. But I am your friend;
And I requeſt you that you would not love her.
Hip. When friends requeſt unreaſonable things,
Sure th'are to be deny'd: you ſay ſhe's fair,
And I muſt love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a ſecret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my ſelf; they all are made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and
one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there ſo many be i'th' World)
So that if once I ſee her I ſhall love her.
Ferd. Then do not ſee her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I muſt ſee her.
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Juſt as it did when I firſt ſaw her Siſter.
Ferd. I find I muſt not let you ſee her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as ſtrong as yours.
Ferd. He's ſtill ſo ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray, do not ſee her, ſhe was
Mine firſt; you have no right to her.

Hip. I have not yet conſider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught that to diſſemble what I
Think is baſe. In honour then of truth, I muſt
Declare that I do love, and I will ſee your Woman.

Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I ſhould ſee and love your
Woman, and endeavour to ſeduce her from that
Affection which ſhe vow'd to you?

Hip. I wou'd not you ſhould do it, but if ſhe ſhould
Love you beſt, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear ſhe ſhou'd, I will provide againſt
The worſt, and try to get your Woman.

Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Beſides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not ſee her.

Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have ſuch beauty.
If that will get me Women, they ſhall have it
As far as e're 'twill go: I'le never want 'em.

Ferd. Then ſince you have refuſed this act of friendſhip,
Provide your ſelf a Sword; for we muſt fight.

Hip. A Sword, what's that?

Ferd. Why ſuch a thing as this.

Hip. What ſhould I do with it?

Ferd. You muſt ſtand thus, and puſh againſt me,
While I puſh at you, till one of us fall dead.

Hip. This is brave ſport,
But we have no Swords growing in our World.

Ferd. What ſhall we do then to decide our quarrel?

Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.

Ferd. Strange ignorance! you muſt defend your life,
And ſo muſt I: but ſince you have no Sword
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave [*Gives him his ſword.*
I found a ruſty one, perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Priſ'ner here: that I will fit:
When next we meet prepare your ſelf to fight.

Hip. Make haſte then, this ſhall ne're be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the men I meet, and

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When they are dead, their Women ſhall be mine.

Ferd. I ſee you are unskilful; I deſire not to take
Your life, but if you pleaſe we'll fight on
Theſe conditions; He who firſt draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women ſhall be his.

Hip. Agreed,
And ev'ry day I'le fight for two more with you.

Ferd. But win theſe firſt.

Hip. I'le warrant you I'le puſh you. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I ſee 'em coming yonder.

Trinc. Who?

Calib. The ſtarv'd Prince, and his two thirſty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.

Trinc. If thou wert a Monſter of parts I would make thee
My Maſter of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou haſt loſt a brave
Employment by not being a Linguiſt, and for want
Of behaviour.

Syc. My Lord, ſhall I go meet 'em? I'le be kind to all of 'em,
Juſt as I am to thee.

Trinc. No, that's againſt the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouſe, and muſt give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wiſe.

Enter Stephano, Ventoſo, Muſtacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have conſider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Muſt. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private perſon, and promiſe to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You ſhall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the firſt Fruits

Fruits of it, amongſt all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban* ſkink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowſe to her Graces health, and to the *Hauuſe in Kelder*, or rather Haddock in *Kelder*, for I gueſs it will be half Fiſh. [*Aſide.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiſtrate, here's thy Siſters health to thee. [*Drinks to* Caliban.

Syc. He ſhall not drink of that immortal liquor,
My Lord, let him drink water.

Trinc. O ſweet heart, you muſt not ſhame your ſelf to day. Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huſwifry: She wants a little breeding, but ſhe's hearty.

Muſt. Ventoſo here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers bellies?

Vent. Let it come Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatneſs aſide, and ſhake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou ſhalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. ſings. We want Muſick, we want Mirth,
Up Dam and cleave the Earth,
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us.
[*Muſick heard.*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Muſick and pay nothing for't? come hands, hands, Let's loſe no time while the Devil's in the Humour. [*A Dance.*

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Muſt. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow fellow if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc.

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Trinc. Caliban, give Bottle the belly full agen.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a queſtion? pray is that hectoring Spark, as you call'd him, fleſh or fiſh?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a fiſh.

[*Enter* Caliban.

Steph. O here's the Bottle agen; he has made a good voyage, Come, who begins a Brindis to the Duke?

Trinc. I'le begin it my ſelf: give me the Bottle; 'tis my Prerogative to drink firſt; *Stephano*, give me thy hand, Thou haſt been a Rebel, but here's to thee, [*Drinks.* Prithee why ſhould we quarrel? ſhall I ſwear Two Oaths? by Bottle, and by Butt I love thee: In witneſs whereof I drink ſoundly.

Steph. Your Grace ſhall find there's no love loſt, For I will pledge you ſoundly.

Trinc. Thou haſt been a falſe Rebel, but that's all one; Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace Upſe Dutch.

Trinc. But thou ſhalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen, would'ſt thou take the Liquor of Life out of my hands; I ſee thou art a piece of a Rebel ſtill, but here's to thee, now thou ſhalt have it. [Stephano *drinks.*

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have patience good people, you are unreaſonable, you'd be drunk as ſoon as I. *Ventoſo* you ſhall have your time, but you muſt give place to *Stephano.*

Muſt. Brother *Ventoſo*, I am afraid we ſhall loſe our places. The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worſt at your Graces Bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it. *Caliban* Go to the Butt, and tell me how it ſounds: Peer *Stephano*, doſt thou love me?

Steph. I love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou lov'ſt me; hang my Family: Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what Thou think'ſt of my Princeſs?

Steph.

Steph. I look on her as on a very noble Princeſs.

Trinc. Noble? indeed ſhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Mounſor *De-Viles* in *France*; but look on her beauty, is ſhe a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? mark her behaviour too, ſhe's tippling yonder with the ſerving-men.

Steph. An pleaſe your Grace ſhe's ſomewhat homely, but that's no blemiſh in a Princeſs. She is virtuous.

Trinc. Umph! virtuous! I am loth to diſparage her;
But thou art my Friend, canſt thou be cloſe?

Steph. As a ſtopt Bottle, an't pleaſe your Grace.

[*Enter* Caliban *agen with a Bottle.*

Trinc. Why then I'le tell thee, I found her an hour ago under an Elder-tree, upon a ſweet Bed of Nettles, ſinging Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! make love in her own Tribe?

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I marry'd her to be a great man and ſo forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and ſo here's to thee agen, give me the Bottle, *Caliban*! did you knock the Butt? how does it ſound?

Calib. It ſounds as though it had a noiſe within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat and is departing: give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Muſt. A ſhort life and a merry I ſay. [Steph. *whiſpers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you ſo?

Steph. He ſaid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get poſſeſſion of the Iſland.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for't.

Steph. And your Fathers too, hem! ſkink about his Graces health agen. O if you would but caſt an eye of pity upon me----

Syc. I will caſt two eyes of pity on thee, I love thee more than Haws, or Black-berries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moſs, my Brother knows not of 'em; But I'le bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didſt thou give him Liquor?

Steph.

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Steph. I gave him Brandy and drunk Sack my ſelf; wilt thou leave him, and thou ſhalt be my Princeſs?

Syc. If thou canſt make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! thou ſhalt not be my Lord, thou ſay'ſt I'm ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her ſo----hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him chuck.

Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I ſee if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand. [*ſtrikes* Stephano.

Syc. Doſt thou hurt my love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treaſon, Treaſon!

[Vent. Muſt. Calib. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms firſt, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This falſe Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Boſom. [*Whiſpers* Muſtacho *haſtily.*

Muſtacho ſtrike on my ſide, and thou ſhalt be my Vice-Roy.

Muſt. I'm againſt Rebels! *Ventoſo* obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two fight off from the reſt.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monſter! do you ſtand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'ſt drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had ſuch a Husband, but I'le claw him.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *fight*, Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and ſhall I ſtand idle?

[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.

I'le not purſue too far,
For fear the Enemy ſhould rally agen and ſurpriſe my Butt in the Cittadel; well, I muſt be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, ſhe will be in the faſhion elſe; firſt Cuckold her Husband, and then ſue for a ſeparation, to get Alimony. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (*with their ſwords drawn.*)

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
Hip. As ready as your ſelf, Sir.
Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muſt fight?
Who firſt receives a Wound is to ſubmit.
Hip. Come, come, this loſes time, now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little*, Ferdinand *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your blood.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.
Ferd. Remember our Conditions.
Hip. I'le not leave, till my Sword hits you too.
[Hip. *preſſes on*, Ferd. *retires and wards.*
Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unſkilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aſide my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you ſhall ſee my ſkill.
Ferd. You faint for loſs of blood, I ſee you ſtagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne're go back----
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find----
Ferd. Your eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you ſwim ſo, and dance about me?
Stand but ſtill till I have made one thruſt.
[Hippolito *thruſts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold ſleep, but when I wake
I'le fight agen. Pray ſtay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O ſtay ſweet lovely Youth!
Help, help! [*Enter* Proſpero.
Proſp. What diſmal noiſe is that?
Ferd. O ſee, Sir, ſee!
What miſchief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Proſp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour

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To reſiſt the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my deſigns are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleaſure now is left me but Revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my innocence----
Proſp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuſes give me back his life?
What *Ariel*! ſluggiſh ſpirit, where art thou? [*Enter* Ariel.
Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Proſp. I, now thou com'ſt, when Fate is paſt and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature, for as thou art thy ſelf, thou
Canſt not be but glad to ſee young Virtue
Nipt i'th' Bloſſom.
Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witneſs
I am not glad, we Airy Spirits are not of temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in ſwarms, and often combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.
Proſp. Why did'ſt thou not prevent, at leaſt foretell,
This fatal action then?
Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threatn'd me if I diſclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightſome Regions of the Air,
(My native fields) above a hundred years.
Proſp. I'le chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*,
I'le ſindge thy airy wings with ſulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender noſtrils with blew ſmoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain
Thou ſhalt be lifted up to taſte freſh Air,
And then fall down agen.
Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.

Proſp.

Proſp. No more of pardon than juſt Heav'n intends thee
Shalt thou e're find from me: hence! flye with ſpeed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him with my Brother ſtreight
Before me.

Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'le outfly thy thought.
[*Exit* Ariel.

Ferd. O Heavens! what words are thoſe I heard?
Yet cannot ſee who ſpoke 'em: ſure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, ſome aiery Viſion.

Proſp. No, Murd'rer, ſhe's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet ſhe had faults and muſt be puniſh'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda*! where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accompliſh'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to ſee you once again?

Proſp. You come to look your laſt; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my bleſſing, ſpeak not, nor approach him.

Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Siſters man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not ſo excellent
As my *Hippolito.*

Proſp. Alas poor Girl, thou haſt no man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.

Dor. Why was there ever any more of him?
He lies aſleep, Sir, ſhall I waken him?
[*She kneels by* Hippolito, *and jogs him.*

Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.

Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not ſpeak to me?
I fear you have diſpleas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not anſwer me, he's dumb and cold too,
But I'le run ſtreight, and make a fire to warm him.
[*Exit* Dorinda *running.*

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (*inviſible.*)

Alonz. Never were Beaſts ſo hunted into toyls,
As we have been purſu'd by dreadful ſhapes.

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But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand*!
If thou art not a Ghoſt, let me embrace thee.

Ferd. My Father! O ſiniſter happineſs! Is it
Decreed I ſhould recover you alive, juſt in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is loſt in Death,
And by my hand?

Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?

Gonz. This Iſle is full of nothing elſe.

Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the walks above,
Wand'ring by Star-light, to have ſought thee out;
But now I ſhould have gone to Heaven in vain,
Whilſt thou art here behind.

Ferd. You muſt indeed in vain have gone thither
To look for me. Thoſe who are ſtain'd with ſuch black
Crimes as mine, come ſeldom there.

Proſp. And thoſe who are, like him, all foul with guilt,
More ſeldom upward go. You ſtare upon me as
You n'ere had ſeen me; have fifteen years
So loſt me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of *Proſpero*?

Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain*!

Proſp. I wonder leſs, that thou *Antonio* know'ſt me not,
Becauſe thou did'ſt long ſince forget I was thy Brother,
Elſe I never had bin here.

Ant. Shame choaks my words.

Alonz. And wonder mine.

Proſp. For you, uſurping Prince, [*To* Alonzo.
Know, by my Art, you ſhipwrackt on this Iſle,
Where, after I a while had puniſh'd you, my vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I deſign'd to match that Son
Of yours with this my Daughter.

Alonz. Purſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.

Proſp. So am not I. No marriages can proſper
Which are with Murd'rers made; look on that Corps,
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up till that blood-thirſty
Man, that *Ferdinand*----

But

But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice calls
To unſheath her Sword againſt his guilt?
Alonz. What do you mean?
Proſp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my *Millain.*
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* ſhall dye,
And I in bitterneſs have ſent for you
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him dye.
Alonz. And think'ſt thou I or theſe will tamely ſtand
To view the execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot ſuffer you
T' attempt againſt his life who gave her being
Whom I love.
Proſp. Nay then appear my Guards----I thought no more to
Uſe their aids; (I'm curs'd becauſe I us'd it)
[*He ſtamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Miniſters of Heaven,
Whilſt I revenge this murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee my Son, ſo ſoon agen
To loſe thee? *Antonio, Gonzalo,* ſpeak for pity:
He may hear you.
Ant. I dare not draw that blood upon my ſelf, by
Interceding for him.
Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you uſurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.
Alonz. Is this a time t'upbraid me with my ſins, when
Grief lies heavy on me? y'are no more my friends,
But crueller than he, whoſe ſentence has
Doom'd my Son to death.
Ant. You did unworthily t'upbraid him.
Gonz. And you do worſe t'endure his crimes.
Ant. Gonzalo we'll meet no more as friends.
Gonz. Agreed *Antonio*: and we agree in diſcord.
Ferd. to Mir. Adieu my faireſt Miſtreſs.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I muſt ſpeak.
Though I am loth to diſobey you, Sir,
Be not ſo cruel to the man I love,

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Or be ſo kind to let me ſuffer with him.

Ferd. Recall that Pray'r, or I ſhall wiſh to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.

Proſp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your Death, that Cave's your Priſon.

Alonz. Ah, *Proſpero!* hear me ſpeak. You are a Father,
Look on my age, and look upon his youth.

Proſp. No more! all you can ſay is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuſe! help *Ariel* with your fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son beſtow in
Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* ſhall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, ſhall he be warm'd?

Proſp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne're return.

Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?

Proſp. His ſoul has left his body.

Dor. When will it come agen?

Proſp. O never, never!
He muſt be laid in Earth, and there conſume.

Dor. He ſhall not lye in earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'l come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Proſp. He's murder'd by the man who lov'd your Siſter.
Now both of you may ſee what 'tis to break
A Father's precept; you would needs ſee men, and by
That ſight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* muſt dye
For murdering him.

Mir. Have you no pity?

Proſp. Your diſobedience has ſo much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no bleſſing with you.
Help to convey the body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.

[*They bear off the body of* Hippolito.

Enter

Enter Miranda, *and* Dorinda *again.* Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've bin ſo chid for my neglect by *Proſpero*,
That I muſt now watch all and be unſeen.
Mir. Siſter, I ſay agen, 'twas long of you
That all this miſchief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curioſity brought me to ſee the man.
Mir. You ſafely might have ſeen him and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him and converſe, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Siſter, not your love;
You call'd me thence, becauſe you could not be
Alone with him your ſelf; but I am ſure my
Man had never gone to Heaven ſo ſoon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Siſter I could not wiſh that either of 'em ſhou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his fortune,
And you muſt be ſatisfi'd?
Dor. I'le not be ſatisfi'd: My Father ſays he'l make
Your man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you ſtrive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In ſpight of you mine never ſhall be cold.
Dor. I'm ſure 'twas he that made me miſerable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to loſe a man.
Mir. Yes, but there is ſome difference betwixt
My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito.*
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldeſt
Man I ever ſaw except it were my Father.
Mir. Siſter, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When ſhe ſays her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I ſtay here, whilſt my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'le pray my Father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Siſter, I'e never ſleep with you agen.

Dor.

Dor. I'le never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'le lye,
And eccho to each blaſt of wind a ſigh.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking diſcontentedly on one another.*
Ariel. Harſh diſcord reigns throughout this fatal Iſle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits ſmile;
Old *Proſpero*, by his Daughters rob'd of reſt,
Has in diſpleaſure left 'em both unbleſt.
Unkindly they abjure each others bed,
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* diſagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at diſtance be.
The Seamen all that curſed Wine have ſpent,
Which ſtill renew'd their thirſt of Government;
And, wanting ſubjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the reſt devour.
The Monſters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*
More monſtrous grow by paſſions learn'd from man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and ſuffer in theſe diſcontents.
Why ſhou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In chains a ſpirit of ætherial mould?
Accurſed Magick we our ſelves have taught,
And our own pow'r has our ſubjection wrought! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOu beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven puniſh him.
Proſp. It will by me.

Mir.

Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.

Proſp. I by deferring Juſtice ſhould incenſe the Deity
Againſt my ſelf and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, The Powers above are ſlow
In puniſhing, and ſhou'd not you reſemble them?

Proſp. The Powers above may pardon or reprieve,
As Sovereign Princes may diſpenſe with Laws,
Which we, as Officers, muſt execute. Our Acts of grace
To Criminals are Treaſon to Heavens prerogative.

Mir. Do you condemn him for ſhedding blood?

Proſp. Why do you ask that queſtion? you know I do.

Mir. Then you muſt be condemn'd for ſhedding his,
And he who condemns you, muſt dye for ſhedding
Yours, and that's the way at laſt to leave none living.

Proſp. The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you ſee your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [*He's going.*

Mir. O ſtay, Sir, I have yet more Arguments.

Proſp. But none of any weight.

Mir. Have you not ſaid you are his Judge?

Proſp. 'Tis true, I am; what then?

Mir. And can you be his Executioner?
If that be ſo, then all men may declare their
Enemies in fault; and Pow'r without the Sword
Of Juſtice, will preſume to puniſh what e're
It calls a crime.

Proſp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother, much
Leſs the Father to deſtroy the Son, it muſt
Be then the Monſter *Caliban*, and he's not here,
But *Ariel* ſtrait ſhall fetch him. [*Enter* Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'ſt, I come,
To ſerve thy will.

Proſp. Then Spirit fetch me here my ſalvage Slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Proſp. Art thou then prone to miſchief, wilt thou be thy ſelf
the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy aiery Miniſter, who
For thy ſake, unbid, this night has flown

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O're almoſt all the habitable World.

Proſp. But to what purpoſe was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view His body, and ſoon found his ſoul was but retir'd, Not ſally'd out, and frighted lay at ſkulk in Th' inmoſt corner of his ſcarce-beating heart.

Proſp. Is he not dead?

Ariel. Hear me my Lord! I prun'd my wings, and, fitted for a journey, from the next Iſles of our *Heſperides*, I gather'd Moly firſt, thence ſhot my ſelf to *Paleſtine*, and watch'd the trickling Balm, which caught, I glided to the Britiſh Iſles, and there the purple Panacea found.

Proſp. All this to night?

Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did, Nor was *Hippolito*'s good Angel wanting, who Climbing up the circle of the Moon, While I below got Simples for the Cure, went to Each Planet which o're-rul'd thoſe Herbs, And drew it's virtue to increaſe their pow'r: Long e're this hour had I been back again, But that a Storm took me returning back And flag'd my tender Wings.

Proſp. Thou ſhalt have reſt my ſpirit, But haſt thou ſearch'd the wound?

Ariel. My Lord I have, and 'twas in time I did it; for The ſoul ſtood almoſt at life's door, all bare And naked, ſhivering like Boys upon a Rivers Bank, and loth to tempt the cold air, but I took Her and ſtop'd her in; and pour'd into his mouth The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.

Proſp. Thou art my faithful ſervant.

Ariel. His only danger was his loſs of blood, but now He's wak'd, my Lord, and juſt this hour He muſt be dreſs'd again, as I have done it. Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this Weapon-Salve, and wrap it cloſe from air till I have time to viſit him again.

Proſp.

Proſp. It ſhall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, becauſe your
Siſter is not preſent here, while I go viſit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.
Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me life.
Proſp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
[Hippolito *diſcovered on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*
Dor. How do you find your ſelf?
Hip. I'm ſomewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun, I am too weak to walk?
Dor. My Love, I'le try.
[*She draws the chair nearer the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you bin there?
Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave you till you promiſe me you
Will not dye agen.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You muſt not go to Heav'n unleſs we go together,
For I've heard my Father ſay that we muſt ſtrive
To be each others Guide, the way to it will elſe
Be difficult, eſpecially to thoſe who are ſo young.
But I much wonder what it is to dye.
Hip. Sure 'tis to dream, a kind of breathleſs ſleep
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A ſmall blew thing that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have ſeen it in a froſty morning run
Smoaking from my mouth.
Hip. But if my ſoul had gone, it ſhould have walk'd upon
A Cloud juſt over you, and peep'd, and thence I would have
Call'd you.
Dor. But I ſhould not have heard you, 'tis ſo far.
Hip. Why then I would have rain'd and ſnow'd upon you,
And thrown down Hail-ſtones gently till I hit you,
And made you look at leaſt. But dear *Dorinda*

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What is become of him who fought with me?

Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him dye to day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your Father, he may not dye, it was my fault he hurt me, I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. O no! I just remember when I fell asleep I heard Him calling me a great way off; and crying over me as You wou'd do, besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my blood, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'le beg my Father, that he
May live, I'm glad the naughty blood, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My Dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[*Exit* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the other door, with* Hippolito's *sword wrapt up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound,
How do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that blood, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find that if you please I can love still a little.

Mir.

Mir. I cannot be unconſtant, nor ſhou'd you.
Hip. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to eaſe you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*
Hip. Alas! I feel the cold air come to me,
My wound ſhoots worſe than ever.
[*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*
Mir. Does it ſtill grieve you?
Hip. Now methinks there's ſomething laid juſt upon it.
Mir. Do you find no eaſe?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon the ſudden all the pain
Is leaving me, ſweet Heaven how I am eas'd!
Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*
Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I muſt confeſs my life is yours,
I owe it to your generoſity.
Dor. I am o'rejoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.
Mir. How? gave his life to her!
Hip. Alas! I think ſhe ſaid ſo, and he ſaid he ow'd it
To her generoſity.
Ferd. But is not that your Siſter with *Hippolito?*
Dor. So kind already?
Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruelleſt of deaths.
Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man?
Dor. Siſter, what bus'neſs have you here?
Mir. You ſee I dreſs *Hippolito.*
Dor. Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.
Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a man, whom you ſcarce ever ſaw before.
Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he ſhould dye, than you ſhould cure his wound.
Mir. And I wiſh *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.
Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I'm glad you are ſo well recover'd, you
Keep your humour ſtill to have all Women.
Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*
Mir. Ah *Ferdinand!* can you become inconſtant?

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If I muſt loſe you, I had rather death ſhould take
You from me than you take your ſelf.
Ferd. And if I might have choſe, I would have wiſh'd
That death from *Proſpero*, and not this from you.
Dor. I, now I find why I was ſent away,
That you might have my Siſters company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindneſs,
This is too much, firſt to be falſe your ſelf,
And then accuſe me too.
Ferd. We all accuſe each other, and each one denys their guilt,
I ſhould be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore firſt to clear my ſelf from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I ſay I only love
Your Siſter. [*To* Dorinda.
Mir. O bleſt word!
I'm ſure I love no man but *Ferdinand*.
Dor. Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito*.
Hip. I never knew I lov'd ſo much, before I fear'd
Dorinda's conſtancy; but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, becauſe none elſe can
Recompence her loſs.
Ferd. 'Twas happy then you had this little tryal.
But how we all ſo much miſtook, I know not.
Mir. I have only this to ſay in my defence: my Father ſent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.
Dor. And *Hippolito* ſent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand*.
Ferd. From ſuch ſmall errours, left at firſt unheeded,
Have often ſprung ſad accidents in love:
But ſee, our Fathers and our friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.

Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. to Proſp. Let it no more be thought of, your purpoſe
Though it was ſevere was juſt. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I ſhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.
Proſp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwiſe.
Dor. O wonder!

How

How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
Hip. O brave new World that has ſuch people in't!
Alon. to Ferd. Now all the bleſſings of a glad Father
Compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoke e're this.
Look down ſweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A bleſſed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither.
Ant. Though penitence forc'd by neceſſity can ſcarce
Seem real, yet deareſt Brother I have hope
My blood may plead for pardon with you, I reſign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too I would not.
Proſp. All paſt crimes I bury in the joy of this
Bleſſed day.
Alonz. And that I may not be behind in juſtice, to this
Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus ſalute him.
Hip. What is it that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.
Proſp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o're Towns and Cities.
Hip. And ſhall theſe people be all Men and Women?
Gonz. Yes, and ſhall call you Lord.
Hip. Why then I'le live no longer in a Priſon, but
Have a whole Cave to my ſelf hereafter.
Proſp. And that your happineſs may be compleat,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, ſhe ſhall
Be yours for ever, when the Prieſt has made you one.
Hip. How can he make us one, ſhall I grow to her?
Proſp. By ſaying holy words you ſhall be joyn'd in marriage
To each other.
Dor. I warrant you thoſe holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.
Proſp. to his daughter. My *Ariel* told me, when laſt night you quarrel'd,
You ſaid you would for ever part your beds,

But t

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But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, *Miranda*, muſt with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lye in
One Bed hereafter.

Alonz. And Heaven make thoſe Beds ſtill fruitful in
Producing Children to bleſs their Parents
Youth, and Grandſires age.

Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.

Dor. Siſter it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it ſeems
Are only found in Beds.

Hip. I am o'rejoy'd that I ſhall have *Dorinda* in a Bed,
We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never riſe again.

Ferd. aſide to him. Hippolito! you yet are ignorant of your great
Happineſs, but there is ſomewhat which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s ſake I muſt inſtruct
You in.

Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I ſhall ſoon learn
I warrant you.

[*Enter* Ariel *driving in* Steph. Trinc. Muſt. Vent. Calib. Syc.

Proſp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.

Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Maſter and the Saylors----
The Boſen too----my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that man could n'ere
Be drown'd.

Alonz. to Trinc. Now Blaſphemy, what not one Oath aſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? why ſtar'ſt thou ſo?

Trinc. What more Dukes yet, I muſt reſign my Dukedom,
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.

Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and were her Maſter, I'd willingly give all my Iſland for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ſhip.

Trinc.

Trinc. I ſhall need no hangman, for I ſhall e'en hang
My ſelf, now my friend Butt has ſhed his
Laſt drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.
Ant. They talk like mad men.
Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves, and
Now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.
Alonz. This news is wonderful.
Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?
Proſp. Rarely, my diligence.
Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are thoſe miſhapen Creatures?
Proſp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her command without
Her power.
Syc. O *Setebos*! theſe be brave Sprights indeed.
Proſp. to Calib. Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.
Calib. Moſt carefully. I will be wiſe hereafter.
What a dull fool was I to take thoſe Drunkards
For Gods, when ſuch as theſe were in the world?
Proſp. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my ſtory.
Alonz. No doubt it muſt be ſtrangely taking, Sir.
Proſp. When the morn draws I'le bring you to your Ship,
And promiſe you calm Seas and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.
Ariel. I'le do it Maſter.

Sings. *Where the Bee ſucks there ſuck I,*
In a Cowſlips Bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows wing I flye
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough.

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Syc. I'le to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.

Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender constitution, and will be ſick a Ship-board. You are partly Fiſh and may ſwim after me. I wiſh you a good Voyage.

Proſp. Now to this Royal Company, my ſervant, be viſible,
And entertain them with a Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice ſeven years hath waited for my Freedom,
It ſhall appear and foot it featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee. [*Enter* Milcha.

Milcha. Here!

[*They dance a Sarabant.*

Proſp. Henceforth this Iſle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge as it was to me;
The Promiſes of blooming Spring live here,
And all the Bleſſings of the rip'ning year;
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature ſmile,
And ever flouriſh the *Enchanted Iſle.* [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Epilogue.

GAllants, by all good ſigns it does appear,
That Sixty Seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muſes there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Mounſieur and the Spaniſh Plot:
Deſic or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghoſts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors whereſoe're we paſs,
In Viſions bloodier than King Richard's *was.*

For this poor wretch he has not much to ſay,
But quietly brings in his part o'th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

He ſends me only like a Sh'riffs man here
To let you know the Maleſactor's neer;
And that he means to dye, en Cavalier.

For if you ſhou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

FINIS.

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